

The Doped Auto

By
Frances Elizabeth Lanpon

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"Don't be foolish, Edgar, an automobile is too expensive a luxury for us," declared Mrs. Ross.

"I'm the paymaster," retorted her husband, snarling. "I fancy I earn as much money as that self-conceited Arthur Riggs. Humph! I'll wager a month's salary he's buying that cheap machine of his on installments."

"Suppose he is, or isn't?" propounded practical Mrs. Ross. "I've got too much sense to let envy, or spite, or emulation force me into a foolish action."

"But he whizzed that tin Lizzie of his past us with a haughty stare, as if he was some emperor and we serfs. No, sir. He don't lord it over yours truly! I'm going to take the starch out of him. I'm going to make him wilt like a dishrag. I'm going to make that snub-nosed wife of his understand that you don't have to walk. I'm going to get a machine that will put his in the dust currents whenever I overtake him."

"Really, Edgar," remonstrated Mrs. Ross, "you are getting absolutely vindictive!"

"Nuff said, Nettie!" returned her husband, definitely. "I'm negotiating for a high-powered five-passenger car that cost three thousand five hundred dollars."

"Oh, Edgar!" gasped Mrs. Ross.

"Originally, I've got a friend who has put me up against a friend of his, a broker in automobiles. The trader is going to give me a bargain, and what do you think? Don't let it out, but, by paying cash as on the nail



He Fussed With Them and Gave It Up.

head, I get the machine for four hundred dollars."

"But, Edgar, it's an old car."

"People will never know it unless you tell them," declared Ross.

"Of course, I won't do that."

"It's been repainted in blue, lined with white, new lamps and fender, and fast—ha! ha! I'll make that cad Riggs turn black in the face when I set him a pace. That's one thing I insisted on with the broker—speed."

Ross had found out that his neighbor's car could run up to forty miles an hour.

"If the car I'm buying can't beat that, I don't want it," he told the broker definitely.

"How's sixty?" pertly inquired the trader.

"That hits the mark," acquiesced Ross. "Can you do it?"

"Sure!"

"You want to look out sharp in dealing with those motor specialists," a friend warned Ross, while the latter was expatiating on "the rare bargain" he had secured. "You know second-hand autos and old horses are susceptible of some decidedly skillful manipulation."

"Oh, they can do a horse with drug, till he looks sick as butter," observed Ross lightly, "but they can't do an automobile."

"Well, I suppose that's so," murmured the friend—and little knew Mrs. Ross looked grave as the old barn was turned into a garage and the auto ran into it. She deplored the investment of even four hundred dollars. Still, she could not help but become infected with the hilarious enthusiasm of her husband.

They made a brief practice try-out of the machine and it ran very well. Ross, however, was saving himself for an event two days ahead. The Ross family and the Riggs folks and two other neighbors had been jointly invited to a function at Clear Lake, a summer resort twenty-five miles distant. For this occasion Ross had reserved all his ambition. He waited until the Riggs and the others had got started in their various machines. Then Ross proudly, confidently wheeled into the road and speeded up.

"Whiz!"

Mrs. Ross was half frightened at the flying progress, but duly excited and smiled quite joyously. After all, there was something refreshing in passing two or three neighbors with a superiority of speed that must have nettled them.

Zip!

Edgar Ross laughed uproariously. "They had overtaken the Riggs car. They had glided by it like a meteor. Looking back, Mrs. Ross saw their social rivals fairly engulfed in clouds and clouds of dust."

"Some class!" chuckled Ross, as they flew along. "I certainly picked a rare plum when I grabbed this easy bargain."

"We are nearly an hour early," re-

marked Mrs. Ross, as they came within sight of the lights of the club house at Clear Lake.

"And those other fellows will be over an hour late, if they creep at the pace they started," chirped Ross, "Enjoying this?"

"It's very interesting, but in a breathless sort of way," responded Mrs. Ross.

"We've got lots of time to spare. We'll pass the club house and strike the paved boulevard leading to the city. A ten mile spin over that smooth road will bring out the real merits of this elegant machine."

It did. There was no discounting the speeding qualities of the automobile. It seemed to be possessed with the speed demon of a professional racing car.

"Over a mile a minute, see that!" exultantly announced Ross, as they turned around finally to return to the club house.

"Why, what is the matter now, Edgar?" inquired Mrs. Ross, as the machine, which had hitherto behaved superbly, began to back, slow down and pound.

He got out and looked over the carburetor, radiator and vibrator. He managed to make the machine cover about a mile at a snail's pace until they reached a roadside garage station. The mechanic came out at the signaling horn toot.

"Something the matter," volunteered Ross and the man looked over the machine.

"Out of juice, that's all," he observed expertly.

"Fill her up," ordered Ross and got out while the man removed the seat cushion and uncapped the gasoline tank.

"Phew!" he ejaculated in a strangled tone, "get a whiff of that."

Ross applied his face close to the orifice. He drew back, coughing and spluttering.

"Chloroform!" he suggested in a suffocated voice.

"No, ether," corrected the mechanic.

"What did you put that stuff in for, anyway?"

"I didn't. I just bought the machine."

"H'm" muttered the man artisan thoughtfully and with a quiet smile.

"I see. Doped to sell."

"What do you mean?" inquired Ross, his spirits sinking.

"Why, the machine probably won't go very well on gasoline. That vaporizing ether, though, is dynamic, and the fellow who fleeced you knew just how to proportion the mixture. Don't you try it—dangerous."

He shot in five gallons of gasoline and Ross started up the machine. It went, but all its speed glory had vanished. It crept, creaked. The crestfallen Ross took a side road to avoid meeting any of his rival neighbors.

"What are you going to do, Edgar?" ventured Mrs. Ross.

"I'm going home!" snapped out her incensed husband. "I'm going to get a wood axe and chop up this miserable wreck. Two to one if I don't take the same instrument and go hunting for the villain who fleeced me!"

It took three hours to get back home and then in a drenching down-pour. Next day Ross sold the car for what it would bring.

"Oh, Edgar," observed Mrs. Ross two evenings later, "what do you think? Mrs. Riggs was over today."

"Gloating over their new machine, I suppose," growled Ross.

"Not at all. They haven't any machine. The one they used a friend loaned them for a week, while he was out of town. They think ours was a rented machine."

"Don't undecieve them," directed Mr. Ross humbly. "Next time any neighborly rivalry gets me going, you'll know it!"

"Which is a very sensible conclusion," observed his practical wife.

Mosquitoes Killed With Drugged Air.

A "round-the-world electrical engineer tells this story:

"We ran up to Bagdad to put over a little deal with a pasha, a former governmental official who had been prominent in the days of Abdul Hamid. His palace was infested with mosquitoes and we had to plan to give him relief."

"He lived in the usual Moorish house with high walls, flat roof with parapets, few windows and open court. The old pasha looked exactly as if he had just stepped out of a Broadway musical comedy with his shining silk robes, turban and red shoes with upturned toes."

"In the palace garden was a stream with a fall of about ten feet. It would develop about one-fourth horse power. We built a water mill, equipped it with a dynamo, wired the palace and started up some gigantic electric fans. These fans cooled the air and also blew through the rooms a narcotic sufficiently powerful to cause the mosquitoes to fall in a coma. All that remained was for the servants to go around and sweep them up in piles to be destroyed."

World Outlook.

Party Names Explained.

The American party names, "Republican" and "Democrat" seem to convey distinction without difference to the English mind. As with other party names, however, their significance may be extricated from their history. The original "Republicans" were actually the ancestors of the present Democrats. Jefferson's party appropriated to themselves the name of "Republicans," suggesting that the Federalists were anti-Republican. The Federalists then nicknamed the Jefferson party "Democrats," and the hostile nickname, as with our own Whig and Tory, was eventually adopted with pride by the Jeffersonians themselves. Meanwhile the Federalists were long known as Whigs. The modern Republican party deliberately adopted its name when the various anti-slavery sections conjoined in Lincoln's time.—London Chronicle.

Liable to Be Mad, Anyway.

"A man who gets mad if he can't have his own way," said Uncle Eben, "is liable to be jes' as mad after he gets it 'cause it didn't work out according to his calculations."

In Woman's Realm

First of New Fall Modes Offers No Startling Departures From Lines That Make Up the Silhouette of the Day—General Direction of the New Coiffures Is Toward Greater Elaboration Than Has Been Seen for Several Years.

If the earliest arrival in suits designed for early fall wear is representative of the coming mode, let us be thankful that it is a Russian influence. For elegance and the spice of style, for general becomingness and class there is nothing better than the Russian blouse. It is exceptionally fine in rich fabrics, velvets and fine broadcloth. Fur belongs to it.

looking for something new in the way of a becoming hairdress. Having selected the most becoming of the coiffures, mindfully may stick to it until something that pleases her more comes along.

The two coiffures pictured are pretty and easily done. The hair is waved about the head for both of them. In the style shown at the left the hair is



EARLIEST ARRIVAL IN FALL SUITS.

and is destined to play a great role in trimmings.

The first of the new fall modes is presented in the picture above, for the benefit of those who must be prepared early for the coming of cool weather. It will be seen that it offers no startling departures from the lines that make up the silhouette of the day.

The skirt is full and cut very little longer than shoe-top length. In many of the new skirts the fullness is confined in narrow side plaits at the waist. It is undraped and finished with a hem.

The coat follows the Russian model closely in line, but departs from it in the raglan sleeve. It fastens at the left front with a row of large bone

combed back in a small pompadour and brought to the crown, where it is divided into four strands. These are arranged in four coils across the back. Shell pins support the hair at the sides and a comb is thrust in at the back.

In the other coiffure all the hair is waved and arranged in a long French twist which reaches to the forehead. It is loosely coiled and pulled down over the middle and at each side of the brow. Little wire pins hold the waved hair in the correct lines at the sides.

Both these coiffures look more elaborate than they are in reality. It is the discriminating use of pins that gives them the neat appearance and



IN THE COLLECTION OF NEW COIFFURES.

buttons. These buttons, set in rows, form the decorative feature, appearing on the sleeve and on the body of the garment. A narrow belt of the fabric is fastened with a single button. A high turnover collar promises another season of smart style in collars. The material is a panne velvet.

Worn with this suit a georgette sailor holds its own with a style value equal to that of the costume. This is an outfit to delight the heart of the slender woman, for in it she will look her best.

While hairdressers appear to be experimenting with many different styles, the general direction of the new coiffures is toward greater elaboration than we have had for several years. It is noticeable that the forehead is covered more, the hair is almost always waved and puffs and curls are dividing honors with soft coils as a means of disposing of the back hair.

This variety in style makes a happy state of affairs for those who are

finish that is always the chief charm of any style.

Julia Bottomley

New Napkin Rings.

A new pattern napkin ring has flat flanges protruding from the bottom which serve as a stand or feet. These keep the ring in place, and give opportunities for its ornamentation not possible in the ordinary rings. The same firm makes the teatle, tea infuser or tea ball spoon, which makes one to three cupsful of tea with one filling. They have produced two new styles in this.

White Satin Costumes.

White satin costumes are the last word in summer apparel. Souffle pants bands of the satin on a braided tulle frock and completes the picture with a full knee-length coat of satin.—Harper's Bazaar.

Sets Are Passe.

Lingerie made up in "sets" is no longer the fashion, according to a trousseau maker. She declares that in not a single outfit made by her this spring for an exclusive clientele has the wedding lingerie been matched. The bride-to-be selects the pieces, each according to its individual charm, and orders her undergarments. Insets of embroidered batiste are used a great deal in crepe and satin underclothing, and a new idea is to outline the pattern of the lace edging with fine col-

ored silk. Pink and blue of the very palest shade are much worn.

Knit Goods Are Going Up in Price.

Sweaters, stockings and even jersey cloth are said by the trade reports to be steadily increasing in price. But oddly enough the prices of the very best of these materials is to fluctuate less than those of the cheaper grades. Pure silk knit goods is to remain about the same, but artificial silk and cotton garments are already 38 per cent dearer.

HAPPENINGS of the week IN MISSOURI

Funeral services for Col. W. H. Phelps, who died in Rochester, Minn., were held in the Phelps home, Carthage. More than five thousand persons attended, including Lieut. Governor Painter, several state officials, senators and Democratic party leaders from all sections of Missouri. Catholic services were conducted at the home.

Speaker Champ Clark was again nominated for congress in the Democratic primary in this district the other day without opposition. He will be opposed at the election in November by Attorney Walter L. Cole, who was nominated without opposition by the Republicans.

Walter T. Shoop, 52 years old, Democratic presidential elector from the Third Congressional District, vice-president of the Missouri Retail Hardware Dealers' association and ex-mayor of Richmond, is dead at his home in Richmond.

Dramshop licenses in Joplin were increased from \$2,200 a year to \$2,400 by order of the city commission recently. Revenue obtained from the increase would be used to add more men to the police department.

Sigmund Brugger, 55 years old, was killed and four others were injured, two probably fatally, when a motor car in which they were riding upset northwest of Springfield.

Ernest Sanders, 15 years old, a son of Henry Sanders, a Higginsville contractor, was drowned recently while swimming in a pond.

Blaine Vawter, 30 years old, a coal miner, was probably fatally injured in mine 66 of the Central Coal and Coke Company at Bevier. He has a wife and two small children.

Robbers broke into the postoffice at Galt recently and stole ten cents and the postmaster's watch. All other money and stamps had been put in the safe the night before.

Oscar Johnson, president of the International Shoe Company, died at his office in St. Louis recently. Mr. Johnson complained of the excessive heat. A few minutes later, it was discovered he was unconscious in his chair. Efforts to revive him failed.

Henry Shores of Springfield was drowned the other afternoon while bathing in Lake Taneycomo. He was attending the assembly on the Presbyterian assembly grounds across the lake from Branson.

James Crawford, a Santa Fe fireman, was instantly killed when a runaway coal car sideswiped the switch engine on which he was riding. The car demolished the cab, crushing Crawford.

Thirty-two fine mules were burned the other morning when a large stock barn on the farm of John T. Buckner of Bryant Station was destroyed by fire. The loss on barn and contents was \$10,000.

The livery stable of W. J. Peak, at Lexington, was completely destroyed by fire recently with all the contents, including two horses. The damage is estimated at \$10,000.

Col. W. H. Phelps of Carthage, who underwent a major operation at a hospital in Rochester, Minn., recently, is dead. He failed to rally after the operation.

Unless a good soaking rain comes in ten days the corn crop in the counties in central Missouri will be materially decreased, Dean F. B. Mumford of the Missouri College of Agriculture, said recently.

Col. Louis Henry Waters, dean of the Kansas City bar, died of bronchial pneumonia recently at his home there. He was 88 years old. Colonel Waters developed the malady ten days ago and steadily grew worse.

Edward Duke of Salisbury was shot and killed by Russell Jones, a farmer, at the latter's home north of Hannibal the other day. Duke's wife had been nursing Mrs. Jones for two weeks and failed to return home when requested by her husband. Duke came to Hannibal, went to Jones' home and attempted to gain entrance when he was shot.

Thomas Francis, 75 years old, is dead at his home in Bevier. He was postmaster of Bevier sixteen years. He leaves a widow and son, and also his son-in-law, A. D. Norton of St. Louis.

Shattering of a jointer wheel weighing several tons injured a dozen persons and wrecked a heading mill near Morehouse the other day. The Rev. Grover Rose, who recently came from Noxall, Mo., and T. B. Jones, a mill employee, were reported dying from their injuries.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat announces an increase in the price of its daily edition in St. Louis from one cent to two cents, effective August 1. The high cost of print paper is given as the cause of the increase.

Keen competition between the two Richmond elevators has raised the price of new wheat to several cents over the shipping market price. Several thousand bushels were purchased there recently at \$1.26 to \$1.28 per bushel.

Vivian Green, 5 years old, and Jessie Green, 8, only children of John Green of Rich Hill, were drowned in an old strip pit near their home the other afternoon. The children had returned from Sunday school and wandered away.

Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's

The Old Standard Grove's Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 50 cents.

It is not the height some men attain that makes them giddy—it is looking down with contempt on the crowd beneath them.

IMITATION IS SINCEREST FLATTERY but like counterfeit money the imitation has not the worth of the original. Insist on "La Croix" Hair Dressing—it's the original. Darkens your hair in the natural way, but contains no dye. Price \$1.00—Adv.

Fliers. "Do you ever take a flyer in the market?" "No," replied the munitions speculator. "Nothing doing with airships, I'm for submarines."

Don't Poison Baby.

FORTY YEARS AGO almost every mother thought her child must have PAREGORIC or laudanum to make it sleep. These drugs will produce sleep, and a FEW DROPS TOO MANY will produce the SLEEP FROM WHICH THERE IS NO WAKING. Many are the children who have been killed or whose health has been ruined for life by paregoric, laudanum and morphine, each of which is a narcotic product of opium. Druggists are prohibited from selling either of the narcotics named to children at all, or to anybody without labelling them "poison." The definition of "narcotic" is: "A medicine which relieves pain and produces sleep, but which in poisonous doses produces stupor, coma, convulsions and death." The taste and smell of medicines containing opium are disguised, and sold under the names of "Drops," "Cordials," "Soothing Syrups," etc. You should not permit any medicine to be given to your children without you or your physician know of what it is composed. CASTORIA DOES NOT CONTAIN NARCOTICS, if it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*.

Revenge.

"I've been calling this number for five minutes," said the irate subscriber. "What number?" "I'm so irritated I'm almost tempted not to satisfy your feminine curiosity."

Homogenized Ice Cream.

We are indebted to the board of health of the City of New York for the information that homogenized ice cream may lawfully be sold in that city, and for the further information that homogenized ice cream may be made of powdered skim milk and water. Among those things in the names of which crimes are committed ice cream ranks right along with liberty and futurist art.—St. Louis Republic.

Never meddle with a hornet or a man who is minding his own business.

WANTED 30,000 MEN For Harvest Work Western Canada

Immense crops; wages \$3.00 per day and board. Cheap railway rates from boundary points. Employment bureaus at Winnipeg, Regina, North Portal, Saskatoon, Fort Frances, Kingsgate, B. C., Coutts and Calgary, Alberta.

No Conscription—Absolutely No Military Interference

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HEAD HUNTERS GETTING BUSY

Natives of Solomon Island Take Advantage of War to Gather Trophies.

At first sight there does not seem to be a very close connection between the war in Europe and head hunting in the Solomon Islands. Nevertheless, the one arises from the other.

Previous to the outbreak of the war, according to a Vancouver World's Sydney (N. S. W.) correspondent, British, and occasionally German warships patrolled the islands and endeavored to keep down cannibalism among the natives, who are largely of Papuan or Malaysian stock. However, the requirements for the transport of troops led to the recall of the British warships—and the happy head hunter has been free to follow his own devious courses.

In one raid made by a mountain tribe upon a small village near the coast no less than 26 heads were secured. No punishment followed because the whites were unable to organize in time. As a consequence the raids are growing more dangerous, and although as yet, no Europeans have been attacked, planters have constantly to keep on their guard.

When the office really seeks the man it is safe to bet that the man's signature on a bank check means something.

MAN GOT A BATH OF EGGS

Ten Crates of Hen Fruit Bury Philadelphia, When Car Hits Wagon.

Covered from head to foot with broken eggs, and in a dazed condition, Anthony Capolo, thirty-six years old of 904 Pearce street, was carried into the Methodist hospital last night. After the eggs had been scraped from his clothing and body it was discovered Capolo was suffering from lacerations and contusions of the body.

Capolo was riding in a wagon along Moyamensing avenue, and was hurled beneath a wreck of ten crates of eggs when the vehicle was struck by a trolley car, John Downey, an egg and poultry dealer of Chester, driver of the wagon, failed to see the approach of the car and drove across the tracks directly in its path.—Philadelphia Record.

The Situation.

"Flubdub married a society butterfly."

"I suppose he is wining and dining all the time now."

"Whining and dining. He doesn't like going out."

Uncle Pennywise Says:

The auto business must be a grand one, with everybody saving up to buy a machine.—Louisville Courier-Journal.



Three Words To Your Grocer— "New Post Toasties"

will bring a package of breakfast flakes with a delicious new corn flavour—flakes that don't mush down when milk or cream is added, nor are they "chaffy" in the package like the ordinary kind.

These New Post Toasties are manufactured by a new process using quick, intense heat which raises tiny bubbles over each flake, the distinguishing characteristic. And the new process also brings out a new corn flavour, never tasted in corn flakes of the past.

Try a handful dry—they're good this way and the test will reveal their superior flavour. But they're usually served with milk or cream.

New Post Toasties

—for tomorrow's breakfast.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.